



“Send me a quar-  
the bill.”

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## A new song call'd the CHIMNEY SWEEPERS WEDDING

Come all you pretty fair maids so brisk & so men  
From 18 to 20 that's now g ing for to marry,  
As for myself I am afraid I must tarry,  
For dear knowz in my heart I would be thankful to  
get any.

### CHORUS—

“Wi t my ring fair my ring talladly,  
I have a little sester Elen she is younger than I am  
She has got so many sweet hharts she is going to deny  
them,  
As for myself I have not got so many,  
Dear knowz in my heart I'd be thankful for any.

At the age of 15 she was love'd & for aken,  
At the age of 17 for a briet she was taken,  
At the age of 19 she had a son & daughter,  
I am sweet 45 & I never got an offer,

I was told by a prophet I was told by my mother,  
That by going to a wedding I'd soon get another,  
I thought it myself I would go without biding,  
Dear knowz in my heart I'm longing for my wedding,

If I had a good husband I would not be jealous  
He would earn money plenty & spend it in the alehouse  
While he would be drinking sure I would be sparing  
Judge me young men alst I worth of having

Come landsmen & pensmen brewers or bakers  
Pedlers fiddlers pipers tailors & weavers,  
Ragmen or bagmen foolish or witty,  
Will you let me die a maid wout you marry me for pity

Neither landsmen or pensmen brewers or bakers  
Fiddlers pipers tailors or weavers,  
Rag or madmen foolish or witty,  
Until an old chimney sweeper married her for pity,

So now he has got her he riles her contras,  
Each night he rows her in his black sooty arms  
Now that he got her he swears he will keep her,  
She rolls in the arms of the black chimney weeper